Joseph Zalmonah," by Edward King, presents some vivid pictures of the dark the book. Dodd, Mead & Co.; for sale side of life in New York City. The by H. W. Brown. "sweating" system as treated by the graphic pen of this writer, appears to be is. And the awful misery and desperation of the unemployed! These are not makers that reads like a chapter out of unemployed held a few days ago:

"Talk about the Hebrew riots," conmoney. What has Baron Hirsch done H. Brown. for us?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" said the audi-

"He has given some millions of dollars, and and nobody knows who has it. We haven't. The American law punishes us if we commit suicide, but it lets us starve to death. You can starve according to law. If you take a loaf out of a store you are a thief."

"A thief! a thief!" shouted the audi-

Here attention was drawn to Emma Goldman. She appeared to be able to breathe the frightful atmosphere in comfort, and looked quite cool.

"If you are hungry go and get bread," she said. "Take it if no one will give it to you. Join the demonstration of the unemployed, under the black flag."

She paused a moment, and then shrieked: "The black flag. I say! Let that be

your banner in the hunger parade." Joseph Zalmonah is a leader of his people, who tries peaceful methods for obtaining relief, while most of those

around him are inciting to anarchy. Around the sombre figure of the selfsacrificing labor-leader are grouped many interesting ones-David, the purveyor of historical plays. Ben Zion, the old and humorous little peddler, who fancies himself also a leader of people, Mordecai, the singer of popular ballads and the poet of the people, Freier, the typical oppressor, Manasseh, the old orthodox Jew who has come too late to a world too new; and others of less importance will all fix the reader's attention and stand for representative types. Each year, as the time for its appear--Lee & Shepard.

writers in his latest book, "Not Angels Ion. Quite." His plot is simple enough,the untangling of a pair of engaged couples and a readjustment on a basis Fine Progress in the Season of Summer of natural fitness, but the treatment is decidedly novel and clever. The characters stand forth like silhouettes, so distinctly are they drawn, and the scenes are "impressionist" pictures.

Aside from the interest of the story, the reader will be entertained by the glimpses of the social institutions and fads of Boston. The city is served up and this popular opera will be the bill all next hashed-on-toast.

The scenery throughout is beautifully done. A yacht cruise on the coast of Maine, with which the action closes, is a picturesque poem. A number of original poems are scattered through with novelists.

It is a wholly modern book-fin de using Hall's Hair Renewer. siecle in method and style, and will in terest the younger iconoclasts who are tired of the old models.-Lee & Shep-

perience. The reader at once feels Abundance of coal, timber, ore, water confidence in his guide and follows the power, etc. Free sites for manustory without question.

The heroine is (naturally) a fine woman but with a foible; and having allowed Richards, Land and Immigration Agent herself to be admired, is dangerously B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md. near falling. With the shifting of the scene to a northern region, and the coming in of a gruff and powerful male cousin, the temperature falls, serenity returns, and peace with honor reigns. It is a charming book to read at the Coal and Lime Co. sea-shore, or in a hammock, or under a shading tree in in the country. Lee & By local applications, as they cannot Shepard, Loston.

won by a rollicking, reckless, ne'er-do- surfaces. well, Roland Tresham, who marries her him an income. The runaway marriage is followed by much distress; the husband finally deserts his wife and child, [ Sold by druggists, 75c.

who are brought to death's door-indeed the little one enters in; Roland sees the misery he has caused and dies in a delirium; the wife returns to her parents and eventually rewards a patient lover who has waited for her for years. There is a pathetic element running through

The latest addition to Dodd, Mead & a terrible institution, but Mr. King Co.'s "Makers of America" series is a makes it no more terrible than it really life of Thomas Jefferson by James Schouler, author of "History of the United States Under the Constitution." overdrawn in the stirring chapters of The career of the great Virginian is "Joseph Zalmonah." Only last week a sketched with great fidelity, and withal New York paper contained an account in a manner that is distinctly attractive. of the distress among the Hebrew cloak- Jefferson as a farmer, as a lawyer, as a statesman, is depicted with cleverness Mr. King's book. The following is an and precision. There is an occasional extract from a report of a meeting of the side light on contemporary Virginia life a period fruitful in great characters, and an intelligent summing up of coincitinued the speaker. "The congressmen dent events. Mr. Schouler's sketch of who make the laws would make more Jefferson is a valuable contribution to a bloody riots if they had no work and no most important series. For sale by W.

> "Phineas Finn," by Anthony Trollope, is a thoroughly enjoyable novel. Phineas is a young Irishman who enters parliament and in a few years becomes undersecretary and approaches very near to real greatness, only to abandon his political career before he is barely in his thirties to settle down in Ireland as inspector of poor houses, because he refuses to surrender his convictions, and because he has married Mary Jones, who is a dear, good little girl, but who is not at all suited to associate with dukes and duchesses, prime ministers and lords and ladies, as he has been in the habit of doing. Phineas is very real, with his good impulses and his weaknesses. He is a hero who is not all nobility, like so many heroes. He does a number of fooli h things. He falls in love altogether too frequently. To be sure he goes back in the end to Mary Jones, his ffrst and humblest love, but only after he has laid vain siege to the daughter of an earl and to a beautiful heiress. The glimpses of English political and social life are interesting; the characters are deftly drawn, and Mr. Trollope's style, which perhaps now and then too closely approaches the vernacular, is in the whole pleasing. "Phineas Finn" is published in three pretty little volumes by Dodd, Mead & Co.; for sale by H. W. Brown.

Will the Elsie books ever come to an end? Their publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, advise us that it is not probable so long as the juvenile public clamor loudly for a new volume. ance approaches, a host of inquiries rush upon them from the author. The Nathan Haskell Dole departs a long new volume this season—the nineway from the conventional lines of novel teenth in the series-is called Elsie at

## AT LINCOLN PARK.

"The Chimes of Normandy" afforded special opportunities for the display of the capabilities of the Ideal Opera company, and this opera was given a very entertaining presentation this week, one that was enjoyed by large audiences. Miss Rhinehardt and Miss Moore were particularly effective in their parts and Mr. Davies and others distinguished themselves for their sing. ing and comedy work. Tonight, "The Pirates of Penzance" will be given its first presentation, in every way-roasted, broiled, and week. There will be two performances tomorrow afternoon and evening, preceded in both instances by a concert by the full Nebraska State Band. The engagement of the opera company is drawing to a close, there will not be many more opportunities to enjoy summer opera at the park this season.

Thin or gray hair and bald heads, so the book,—a largesse quite unusual displeasing to many people as marks of age, may be averted for a long time by though I would probably remember the

Moving South.

Convenient markets, good soil, pure water and excellent climate are advantages to be considered when looking up a home, business location, farm, etc. Mrs. Sanborn whose first novel "Sweet Maryland and the Virginias afford these, and Twenty" produced so favorable an with many more advantages. Improved impression has written a new one entitled farm lands, adapted to stock raising. "Paula Ferris" in which is shown a dairying, grain, grass and fruit growing, decided step in advance. The writing can be obtained at low prices and upon shows mastery of English, as well as easy terms. Thriving towns invite the broadening the mind, accumulated ex- merchant, mechanic and business man. facturers.

For further information, address M. V.

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We will give \$100 for any case of deaf-

## ALL A MISTAKE.

M. QUAD WASN'T EXACTLY BUNKOED IN CHICAGO.

It Is Always a Very Bad Thing to Be Mis-Judged, and Quad Feels Very Much Fained and Humiliated-The Facts In the

[Copyright, 1803, by Charles B. Lewis.] I have been considerably pained and humiliated over the fact that an item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that I was bunkoed out of \$300 at the World's fair. Some of the editors extend their heartfelt sympathies; others advise me to apply to the courts for a guardian. Had it been an item charging me with sheep stealing, bigamy, arson or jail breaking I should have laid back on my dignity and never let on that I was worried. As it is I feel that it is due my character to make an explanation.

I was taking a stroll on the Midway plaisance when a stranger tapped me on the shoulder and joyfully exclaimed: "Hello, old man! but who'd have thought

of meeting you here!"
We shook hands, I didn't exactly remember whether his name was Jones or Brown, or whether I had met him at the Sullivan-Corbett prize fight or at the opening of a new cemetery up the Hudson. I am no hand to go into all these little de-

"How are all the boys on Newspaper row?" he asked as he offered me a cigar "All well and content," I replied as I bit

"And my friend the mayor?"

"Tolerably fair, I believe."
"And the boys down in Wall street keep usy, I see!

"Well, old man, I'm a heap glad I met you. Just does my eyes good to look at a man from New York! Remember our little trip to Long Island last summer?

I humbly acknowledge that I didn't remember anything of the kind, but I didn't want to hurt the man's feelings.

"And our excursion to Long Branch?"

I humbly acknowledge again that I prevaricated, but what was I to do? You can't hurt a man more than to forget you went on an excursion with him.

"By George! but this is lucky," he feelingly exclaimed as he patted me on the shoulder. "You've got a family Bible in the house, of course?"

"But you've no objection to a new one something in Turkey—morocco—gilt-edged —2,000 illustrations—worth \$25?"

"Then come with me. Big publishing house down here failed the other day, and I bought 100 Bibles for a song. Have given away all but five to my friends. Just a little token of remembrance, you knowsomething to keep my memory green."

Could I suspect such a man as that of having evil designs? Had I the slightest ason for taking him for a bunko man! It's all right enough to say I ought to have known better than to go with him, but put yourself in my place. Does it seem possible that a bad man would want to present you with a gilt edged Bible worth \$25? We walked side by side for a good many squares and finally turned into and entered a small room. There were five Bibles piled up on a counter—just such Bibles as my friend had described. He ordered a narrow minded young man to put one of them in a box and address it to me, charges prepaid. I was expressing my thanks in a broken voice when a sad faced young man called our attention to the fact was an ag and that he would be rejoiced to see us hit the corporation for about \$20,000. I thought it real kind of him to express himself in that way, and I frankly told him so. That seemed to please him, and after that I

think he gave me his full confidence.

The dear friend who had brought me to the Bible house didn't seem to take any interest in hitting \$20,000 in that lotterythat is, he didn't for the first few minutes. It was only after the sad faced young man had explained how much good we could accomplish in the name of charity with such a sum of money that he threw off his mantle of indifference and took me aside for a private talk. He said we had struck a soft snap and that it would be almost criminal on our part not to take advan-tage of it. His half of what we struck would be turned over to a Chicago hospital, while I might do as I liked with mine,

orphans of New York in a liberal manner. I believe we bought \$100 worth of tickets. I think the idea was to hit all the prizes in the lottery at once and bankrupt the whole island of Cuba. Then we put up \$250 apiece to prove to the sad faced young man that we were financially responsible for some thing or other. My friend seemed to know just what to do, and I let him manage the business. There was a drawing. It was a drawing without any great amount of ceremony connected with it. We didn't hit anything. The manager was sorry for us and suggested another trial. We somehow missed it again by a hairbreadth, and we tried it again. We came within just one



HE TOOK ME ASIDE FOR A PRIVATE TALK. figure of hitting \$75,000. Our money was now all gone, and so we went out and walked up and down in the glad sunshine and spoke to each other only at long inter-When we finally parted, my friend acted chilly and distant and left me abruptly. I haven't the least doubt that he had thought it all over and concluded I was

a bunko steerer. I don't want any sympathy. I won't admit that I was bunkoed. I simply met a generous man who took me for an old riend of his and wanted to make me a resent. True, the Bible basn't reached me yet, but there might have been a mistake in the address, or the express car night have been held up. He didn't want to go into the lottery enterprise. When I think of how I encouraged him and real

hard each my conscience cries out that I am a villain. If we ever meet again, I couldn't biame him if he refused to recognise me.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The Editor Explains That the Wave of Civilization Is Rolling On. SALT RIVER JOE .- The other day there came riding up to THE KICKER office an an cient looking reptile who called for the edi-tor and announced himself as Salt River

Jos. Joseph was mounted on a one eyel, bobtailed cayuse of the drift period, and Joseph himself had ha'r two feet long and a buckskin suit of the flavor of 50 years ago.
"What's all this yere about?" asked Joe as we stepped out.

"What yere?"
"Why this yere printin of a noosepape around yere and upsottin society and changin things over! Durn my hide if I didn't see a man back yere a sittin down to drink! And gouge my eyes if folks hain't wearin reg'lar clothes and drinkin that licker out o' glasses. And you kin call my ole cayuse a kyote if I hain't seen wimin folks around—reg'lar wimin with dresses on to 'en'."

on to 'em!"
We started to explain that the wave of civilization was rolling on, but Joseph can-tered his old cayuse about in a circle and yelled:

"Waugh! It's got to stop! You've skeert all the b'ars and wolves away and purty nigh ruined the kentry! I've rid up from Salt river to purtest in the interests of suf-ferin humanity. I now purceed to pur-

We began to explain that the wave of civilization could not be stopped, when he jumped his critter over our hitching rack and yelled:
"Waugh! Whoop! No more buffler,

b'ars, wolves or Injuns on the warpath! What's goin to become of ole Arizone?" "She's going to fall into line and have her h'ar cut and wear white shirts." "And what's goin to become of me and

my ole pard?" You'll have to come in out of the wet." He dug in the spurs and made his cayuse buck and cavort for a minute, and then

"Waugh! Never! Stranger, I purtest— solemnly purtest! I've rid over 100 miles to ask ye to stop fussin and foolin and let this yere kentry remain as the Lord made it. Your dratted ole noosepaper has made griz-slies skasser than gold. It has driv the buffler to other pastures and the wolf to his hole. It has made the Injun behave hisself, and I hain't seen a real bad man fur a y'ar. Ar' you goin to keep right on till I hev to eat butter on my bread and put reg'lar milk in my coffee and drink my whisky out o' one o' them befangled glass dishes! Stranger, ar' the time a-comin when I've got to peel off this ole buckskin, when some blamed varmint will laugh at my h'ar, when I may git into a place whar I've got to take my hat off to eat and can't use my fingers nor drink out o' the coffee pot?" That's what she's comin to, Joseph, and

it isn't so far away neither." And with that he uttered a whoop, rode his critter up the steps and through THE KICKER office and out at the back door, and the last we saw of him he was making for the hills with tears in his eyes and his long locks waving in the breeze.

APOLOGETICAL. -- The editor of THE KICK-ER (who is ourself), the mayor of this town (who is ourself) and the territorial council representative from this district (who is also ourself) desires to express his regrets to the public for the little affair which oc-



BOTH OF US DANCED AND DODGED. curred on Apache avenue Monday afterstood, we want to be postmaster here. We have wanted for the last three years. From the present outlook we may want for three years to come. We were on our way to the bank at 2 o'clock when we encountered the critter who presides over affairs at the postoffice. He claims that we made a move to draw on him. His actions certainly led us to believe that he intended to get the drop on us. It seems that he fired five shots, and we fired four as both of us danced and dodged around on the street, and then the crowd interfered. We do not apologize for shooting at the postmaster, but for not hitting him. In fact, we haven't the cheek to look a Chinaman in the face since that event, As editor of THE KICKER we ought to have made at least one shot tell. As mayor we ought to have plunked him twice. As a representative of this great and glorious terri tory we should not have wasted a shot. We feel disgraced and humiliated and realize that we deserve the local censure and ridicule being heaped on our head. We are going over to Lone Jack in a day or two to interview the editor of The Banner, who published an editorial last week calling us an egotist and an ass. If we make as poor a record with our shooting irons over there, we shall resign our political offices, sell off all our property at auction and go east and apply for a position as lighthouse keeper.

Wanted a Square Deal. One night when Cactus Jim and I were

on guard at the corral he said: 'l was cow punchin on B'ar river, Idaho, when somebody started a town jest whar the stream makes a sharp bend. I heard a good deal about the town, and one day I got ready and rid over thar. I was sittin in a saloon when a fellow rides up from the north on a played out mewl. He was a cross eyed man and looked as if he'd bin cryin. The feller who owned the saloon was city marshal, and the cross eyed man calls him out and sez to him:

"'Ar' this a free and enlightened kentry "She ar' fur a fact,' says the marshal as

he proudly swelled out his busum. 'Kin a man git a squar deal in these yere

"'Yo' bet he kin! That's what the glorious nineteenth century is yere fur, to gin every varmint a squar' deal. Stranger, call up the boys to drink at yo'r expense, and then we'll see that yo' hev dead loads of

justice. "'Can't I git justice without that?' axes ze that my enthusiasm lost him \$300 in the feller, who had a stingy look about him.

"'Not real, solid justice,' sez the marshal, not the sort that stays by yo' fur two or

"Wasi, the feller sort o' tumbles off his ole mewl and calls up the crowd to licker at his expense, and he had to put down 18 big dollars to settle the bill.

"The case is jest this,' he says as he stands up on a bar'l so that all could see him. 'A feller who was campin with me up at Puma Creek stole my watch and dug out. I due after him. In cressin the creek out. I dug arter him. In crossin the creek he got mired in the quicksands. When I overtook, him his mew! had gone outer sight dean down to the saddle, but had struck hard pan and stopped. The feller wasn't goin down any, but he had no show to git



"THE CASE IS JEST THIS," "'In course you opens fire on him?' se

the marshal. "'In course I does, but I fires over 30 shots and don't hit him. That's what I'm yere to complain about.'
"'It's owin to the slaut o' yo'reyes, I take

"'She ar', and I want a squar' deal." "'In other words,' sez the marshal, 'yo' want justice to send somebody out thar to

pop him outer that saddle?'
"That's me!" "'It'll cost yo' \$30." "'But I won't pay it! I'm out \$18 already

fur a \$10 watch! "'Stranger,' sez the marshal as his busum swelled agin, 'yo' cum yere demandin jus-tice. Yo' shell hev it. It's agin the law to shoot at a man out yere and not hit him and this yere court fines you \$20. Yo've tooken up half an hour of our time, and the

'But yo' hain't no court of justice!' yells the man as he drops off the bar'l.

cost will be \$15."

"'Mebbe not!' sez the marshal as he pulls his gun and looks around. 'Mebbe some other reptile in this town is a court of justice! If so, let me hear what his voice sounds like. If thar's any dispute on that pint we might as well settle her now. I con't hear any shoutin, and so this yere cross eyed tenderfoot is fined \$10 more fur back talk, and court is adjourned.'

"But did be collect the fines?" I asked as Cactus Jim quietly chuckled over the reminiscence

Sartin he did, and while they was foolin around the stranger's ole mewl went dead, and he had to leave town on foot." M. QUAD.

Only at Intervals.

A Boston housekeeper "doing" Paris lately was greatly captivated by the little white capped, white aproned baker boys scurrying from door to door with their trays of sugared dainties. "Of course, my lad," said the lady when he arrived at her own, "you sometimes take one for yourself, do you not?"

"I take a candy, madame? Oh, no, that would be wrong," returned the little lad surprised; "I only lick 'em now and then as I come along."—Revue de Famille.

Frank, aged 8, is trying to explain to his

little sister Ethel what the soul is.

"You know, Ethel, your body doesn't go to heaven—it's your soul." Ethel—What is the soul? Frank-Well, it's something inside you -not your heart. It's something you feel,

but can't see, Ethel—Oh, I know! You mean the dinper.-Texas Siftings.

A Rural Incident.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the 'Cause no one won't gimme none in my line," said the tramp. "I've applied to several railroads, but they won't have me."

What's your line-brakeman! "No. I make tracks," said the tramp. And then be made a few, with the farmer a close second.—Truth.

A Wide Choice.

Guard (at the World's fair)-I advise you to go to your state building and make that a sort of headquarters for receiving mail, writing letters, resting, etc. What state are you from?

Drummer-Well-er-which state build ing is the most comfortable?-New York

Her Time Almost Up. Lady-Is Mrs. Binks at home?

Servant-No'm. Lady-Can you tell me when she will be W. D. SHIELDS, M. D. at home?

Servant-As soon as she gets the parlor dusted, mum, an she's nearly finished now.

—Boston Globe.

Finished With Her.

"I notice that you don't call on the Byngs girls any more. Why is it?"
"The last time I was there I asked her if she had anything I could take home and read, and she handed me a book on how to keep house on \$300 a year."—Indianapolis

The Hardest Kind. Aunt Jane-Is the water where you live

now soft or hard?

Wee Niece-I guess it's pretty hard. The girl spattered some on the lamp chimney the other night, an it broke all to pieces.— Trademark Review.

Of Course She Does. Mrs. McBride-I wish you would tell me

why Patti calls every one of her tours a "farewell tour?" Mr. McBride-Doesn't she fare well every time!-Detroit Free Press.

Tonsorial Item. He-Isn't Mrs. Maydupp's black hair pretty? She-I don't think it half so pretty as her

light brown.-Texas Siftings. Too Much For Him. Williamson-I've quit my barber. Henderson-Why? Williamson -His first baby is beginning

Making Himself Comfortable. Wife (to corpulent husband)-Stand just there and let me sit in the shade. - Humori tiche Blatter

to talk .- Truth.

The Legend of Evil. This is the sorrowful story Told when the twilight fails,

And all the monkeys walked together Holding each others' tails. 'Our fathers lived in the forest,

Foolish people were they; They went down to the cornland To teach the farmers to play.

Nothing of play they knew;

Only they caught our fathers

"Our fathers frisked in the millet, Our fathers skipped in the wheat, Our fathers bung in the branches, Our fathers danced in the street. "Then came the terrible farmers.

And set them to labor, too! "Set them to work in the cornland With plows and sickles and flails, Put them in mud-walled prisons

And cut off their beautiful tails! "Now we can watch our fathers. Sullen and bowed and old, Stooping over the millet.

Stirring the silly mold "Driving a foolish furrow, Monding a muddy yoke, Sleeping in mud-walled prisons.

Steeping their food in smoke. "We may not speak to our fathers, For if the farmers knew

They would come up to the forest And set us to labor, too.' This is the horrible story

Told as the twilight fails.

As the monkeys walk together Holding each others' tails. -Radyard Kipling.



Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent all who address C. I. Hoop & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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